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OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

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NAHAMIR: *Or*, PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED. *A* MAHOMETAN TALE.

A LITTLE man, who was blind of one eye, lame, maimed, and who had a hunch upon his back, was accuſtomed to aſk alms at the gates of the city of Bagdad: conſcious of his ſituation, he could not help murmuring againſt Providence, whom he accuſed as the author of his misfortunes. Whenever a perſon of a good ſhape and ſound limbs, or who had added to this the luxury of a carriage at his command, happened to paſs by, our beggar of Bagdad never failed, in the ſpleen of his ſoul, to exclaim, with great acrimony, "Wherefore hath that fellow an air noble and majeſtic? why hath the Eternal Wiſdom beſtowed on him a ſtraight body and a ſuperior ſize, while he hath doubled me together with an enormous hunch that expoſes me to laughter and to ſcorn?" If at any time he beheld a beautiful woman paſs along, while thro' her tranſparent veil ſhe diſcovered two eyes more brilliant than the eyes of the Houries, he never ceaſed to cry, "Behold there is another object which excites my envy; that woman hath two eyes perfectly bright, and I, poor wretch that I am! have only one eye, and that one ſo dim and damaged, that it is well nigh uſeleſs! Mercy upon us! (thus would he continue his complaint)—with what haughtineſs doth yonder Satrape raiſe up the duſt under his feet! he, forſooth, hath the uſe of both legs to walk onward in the paths of inſolent luxury, even till he is ſatiated, while I, miſerable mortal! who want to move conſtantly to every different part of the city, to ſolicit the lingering hand of Charity, am altogether lame, and drag on my indigence from place to place with difficulty. But ſee! there is a fourth inſult upon me; obſerve that wealthy rogue, who was born for the miſery of the inhabitants of Bagdad; ſee what a length of nail and finger he hath; how doth he employ them in extorting his villainous taxes out of the bowels of the poor!—Providence hath given two hands and ten fingers to him purpoſely to do miſchief, while the unfortunate Nahamir is allowed to have but one hand, which he is obliged to ſtretch forth continually, and often inuſefully, to a concourſe of people, very frequently of wicked unfeeling wretches, who proudly ſwim in the ocean of riches and abundance. While theſe things are permitted, how can I

join the chorus of thoſe who ſay that All was made for the beſt? How can I ſay this, when the beſt of poor Nahamir is to ſink into the obliviating tomb, after trailing along a moſt diſaſtrous exiſtence?"

While our beggar was one day indulging theſe complaints, an old man of a venerable mein and intereſting figure appeared at the gate. He ſtopped a moment to liſten to the murmurer, and then ſpoke theſe words: "Follow me, friend, ſaid he to the mendicant; you will not repent obeying me. If I am not able wholly to make you happy, I ſhall at leaſt have it in my power to offer ſome ſort of conſolation: there is beſides a ſort of ſympathetic ſatisfaction in recounting the ſtory of one's misfortunes: follow me therefore."

Nahamir embraced this opportunity, and hobbled on till he reached a ſhady plaintain, where, after ſitting down under its umbrage by the ſide of his companion, he thus recited the hiſtory of his misfortunes:

"My name is Nahamir: I am the only and ſorrowful relict of twenty-five children of that wealthy Abouſſin, the merchant of Bagdad; that merchant, whoſe opulence even paſſed into a proverb; and, for my own part, I now earn my bread at the gates of that very city where my forefathers, in the times of famine, offered abundance to the indigent. I promiſed, in the flower of my infancy, to have a ſhape ſuperb, and an exterior elegant; my ſhoulders were finely placed, I walked majeſtically, my legs were well turned, my two eyes were bright and piercing, my two hands were vigorous, yet delicate; added to all theſe advantages, my opulence appeared to me a ſpring that for ever flowing in a ſtream of gold could never be exhauſted. Thus accoutred, I entered into the world."

"Friend, ſaid the old man, interrupting him, I expect that you will deal with me ſincerely; tell me then, if, in theſe days of your fullneſs and beauty, you did not feel a ſecret pride whenever you made a compariſon betwixt your own perſon and that of others, in your opinion leſs happy? Did you not, after ſuch compariſons, ſay to yourſelf, I am ſtraight, I have two fine eyes?"

"I have, it is true, venerable old man, replied Nahamir, interrupting in his turn; I will not diſſemble with you; I will not conceal from you that I cheriſhed on ſuch occaſions an internal pride, which every day gained more and more upon me; but, alas! this pride was not of long duration. I married a woman young and handſome, who brought me a conſiderable fortune; I had by her ſix children, who were all taken from me by an untimely death. Ah! if any of them, if only one had remained, I ſhould have been recompenſed for my poverty; I ſhould have been a father; the ſweet thought ſhould have dried up my tears; I ſhould have had one to unboſom myſelf to; my ſighs, my ſorrows, would all have been divided; I ſhould have had a child; that would have been a conſolation, a pleaſure, but it was denied me. Soon after my poor children were in the grave, the wife whom I adored followed them; from that moment the whole weight of the miſery fell upon my own heart; a lingering diſtemper overtook me, at the end of which this hideous bunch of ſuperfluous fleſh, which now ſpreads itſelf from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, rendered me a ridicule to every ſpectator. A few days after I aroſe from my ſick bed, a freſh accident deprived me of one of my eyes. After this, as I was, during my confinement from the anguiſh of one eye, looking with the other out of my window, I beheld two men ſet barbarouſly upon a little boy in the ſtreet; I ran haſtily to his aſſiſtance, and falling upon the ſtairs, had the ill luck to break my leg. Scarce was I cured of this misfortune, before I met another; for as I was taking the air, I beheld a poor wretch ſitting in the ſun, and eating his cruſt; I offered him my mite of aſſiſtance, and was juſt ſtretching out my hand for that purpoſe, when the ungrateful man drew from under his robe a ſabre, and cut off my arm. I had by this time, as I imagined, exhauſted the vengeance of heaven; I had experienced, moreover, ſeveral bankruptcies, and I had loſt near half my limbs. Upon this I retired, ſtill reſigned, to a little retreat which I had in the country, where I hoped for obſcurity and a quiet aſylum for the reſt of my days. Here I amuſed myſelf in cultivating my half acre of ground, in breathing amidſt flowers, and in meditating upon thoſe decrees of heaven, which, however juſt, are enveloped in the impenetrable night of myſtery. Here another ſtroke of ingratitude involved me in the extremeſt poverty. I was oppreſſed then at once with age, infirmity, and indigence. I returned to Bagdad, where

I have ever ſince earned a penurious morſel by begging at the gates of the city. My ſenſe of theſe accumulated injuries are ſuch as makes it impoſſible for me to pardon that Providence which hath precipitated me into an unparalleled abyſs of horrors."

Here Nahamir put an end to his narrative; and after the old man had ſtood for ſome time looking at him, he took the beggar's hand, and thus addreſſed him: "Theſe then, my friend, are the whole of the evils of which you complain?" "The *whole*, replied Nahamir, what, in the name of Mahomet, would you deſire more? You ſeem to me to be a ſtrange man; I am old, hunch-backed, blind, lame, crippled, half-ſtarved, and yet you do not ſeem to think I am ſufficiently afflicted; but perhaps in the drollery of your heart you will tell me that I ought to praiſe the benevolence of heaven for thus tormenting me." "Certainly, anſwered the old man, you ought to be very thankful to the Author of all things." "Have you an intention to inſult my miſery? ſaid the other. Your features ſeem to beſpeak a ſenſibility of ſoul." "The ſenſibility of my ſoul, rejoined the ſage, conſiſts in proving to you the happineſs of your ſituation." "The happineſs of my ſituation, (cried our aſtoniſhed beggar with inconceivable indignation, forgetting that he had but one leg, and cutting a caper that brought him to the ground,)—ſaid you the happineſs?" "Yes the happineſs—inſenſible mortal that thou art! hear, liſten to the truth, and render the tribute of juſtice to that Eternal Wiſdom, which, in the raſhneſs of thy pride and blindneſs, thou haſt had the temerity to accuſe."

Nahamir regarded the old man attentively; when, looking into his face, he diſcovered features which appeared preternatural. The old man proceeded.

"In the firſt place, thou Child of Diſcontent, was it not in the power of the Supreme to immure thee with the reſt of thy brothers in the ſilent tomb? but thou wert preſerved from the deſtruction which overwhelmed the reſt of thy family. Here is one inſtance of celeſtial favour, of which you ſeem forgetful."—"And do you think then, replied the beggar, that *mere exiſtence* is ſuch a mighty obligation?" "How! rejoined the old man, and do you make no account of being permitted to breathe above ground? Hear me then, ingrate! You had in the days of your infancy an elegant ſhape; tremble at the misfortunes which might have attended the continuance of that elegance. The wife of another man might have ſeen you: well-made men are always to the taſte of women: ſome laſcivious wanton might have been fond of thee; ſhe might have opened her ſnowy arms, into which you might have fallen. You might have been diſcovered; you know that in ſuch caſe, the laws of this country have ordained the puniſhment of empaling. To prevent this, the goodneſs of Providence ordained a deformity in your ſhape; behold then a hunched back fairly juſtified."—"God be praiſed, cried the beggar; but my left eye,—will you be ſo ingenious to prove to me that I ought to congratulate myſelf upon the loſs of that?" "I will, ſaid the old man. The moment before thou loſt thine eye, the Califf meditated a deſign to make thee one of the guards of his Haram; to fit thee for which glorious employment, caſtration would have been neceſſary in the very firſt inſtance. Give me therefore your opinion, whether the ſtate of a man with one eye, or that of an eunuch with both eyes, be the more deſirable? When the Califf was informed of your accident, he deemed you too ugly for a minion of love." "God be praiſed for the loſs of my left eye, exclaimed the trembling beggar; but with reſpect to my leg, make me happy in that affair, if you pleaſe." "There you have freſh reaſon to bleſs the ſupreme hand, ſaid the old man. Call to your memory that day when ſtanding upon a precipice, inſtead of cruſhing every bone, member, and muſcle in your body, which might have been expected, you only broke your left leg." "Certainly, ſaid the beggar, I have ſome faint idea of the danger." "Thou haſt ſome *faint* idea? replied the old man: Oh! ungrateful man! It is not without difficulty you remember thoſe providences which daily operate in your favour, although you never ceaſe to rend the air, and inſult the heavens upon the leaſt miſery that you ſuſtain; every accident ſets you on the full cry againſt Providence." "Well, well, cried the beggar, I agree to every thing you would have me; you talk as ſenſibly as the prophet Ali; but how will you excuſe the loſs of my right arm, eſpecially when you conſider that I loſt it in offering

ſuccour to the indigent?" "Do you recollect, anſwered the old man, a certain day at the feaſt of Huſſein, where, as you was ſitting at table, you received an inſult?" "Yes, yes, anſwered Nahamir, I remember it with anguiſh, becauſe I ſtill live unrevenged." "That is the very matter, ſaid the old man; if you hadſt had the uſe of that arm which is miſſing, thou wouldſt now have drawn thy ſabre, the conſequence of which is, that thou wouldſt have been pierced with an hundred wounds; but ſee the kindneſs of heaven, which, in taking away thy arm, hath preſerved all the reſt of thy body." "You are a very extraordinary man, anſwered the medicant; preſently I expect you will go about proving that I am neither more nor leſs than a diſtinguiſhed favourite of Providence. But to proceed; I give you up my ſhape, my eye, my leg, and my arm, but ſurely you have no argument to prove that it was neceſſary to deprive me of that balmy comfort, my wife!" "Had ſhe exiſted in this world a week longer, cried the old man, ſhe would have betrayed thy honour; and as thou wouldſt ſoon have diſcovered the deed, it would have plunged thee into the moſt bitter deſpair." "But my poor little ones, anſwered the beggar of Bagdad, what reaſon yet hid in the ſkies tore them from my embraces?" "They would have been diſobedient," rejoined the veteran. "And my poverty—how will you get over that part of the ſtory?" ſaid the beggar. "Had opulence ſtill been given, it muſt have been given to a very bad purpoſe, anſwered the old perſonage; you would have made a deteſtable uſe of your riches; they would have hardened your heart; they would have delivered you over to all manner of crimes and exceſſes; in a word, they would have rendered thee an horror to thyſelf, and a diſgrace to human nature." "Well, replied Nahamir, with much emphaſis, all the powers be praiſed, for they have left me nothing." "It is falſe, rejoined the aged man firmly, they have left thee the moſt valuable of things—thy virtue.—Thou haſt nothing to reproach thyſelf with; thou art not criminal, thou art only unfortunate; when thou examineſt thine own heart, there is no reaſon to bluſh; ſomething within will ever conſole thee. Conſole, did I ſay? It is that ſacred ſomething which will elevate thee above all the perched up and parading mortals whom thou haſt the weakneſs to envy. But thou art too feeble to ſee theſe things in their proper lights. I muſt aſſiſt thee."

Hereupon the old man put his hand upon the eyes of Nahamir; after this he ſaw kings, the lawful ſovereigns, toſſed from their thrones, and proſtrated at the feet of their infamous uſurpers. He ſaw the rich covered with ſhame and confuſion, weary of their exiſtence, or aſſaſſinated for thoſe hoards which were uſeleſs. He ſaw women without modeſty, who, not contented with ſtaining the conjugal bed, cut the throats of their huſbands, or poiſoned them without pity or remorſe. He ſaw children who, deaf to the calls of nature, plunged their poignard in a parent's boſom. He ſaw cities deſolated, and empires abandoned to the genius of deſtruction; in a word, he beheld the univerſe as one prodigious theatre, filled with criminals, aſſaſſins, and unfortunates. "Well, exclaimed the old man, what think you now? Will you ſtill murmur?"

Scarce had he ended this queſtion before his wrinkles diſappeared; the majeſtic ſmiles of divinity in the bloom of immortal youth ſat on his brow; his ſhape raiſed itſelf like the ſuperb cedar; his eyes were keener and clearer than the lightning; in ſhort, he was an archangel in the meridian of his ſplendour. The aſtoniſhed Nahamir proſtrated himſelf in the duſt. The angel ſaid to him, "ſuffer patiently; after death thou ſhalt commence a new career, where every happineſs ſhall be complete and uninterrupted: thou ſhalt have a wife who ſhall not only be a prodigy of beauty, but ſhall love thee alone; thou ſhalt have children perfectly dutiful, and worthy of their ſire; thy wealth ſhall be immenſe, and yet not wound thy heart, and thou ſhalt leave an immortal character."—Nahamir was about to reply, but the angel was gone.

Nahamir, after having murmured, for the laſt time, at his abrupt departure, returned again to the gates of Bagdad, where, as uſual, he requeſted alms, and thanked heaven with all his heart, that he was old, deformed, blind, crippled, and limping. "All theſe are ſo many triumphs, cried he, ſince I perceive they were not only for my ſervice, but for the glory of God, and Mahomet, and Ali."

CHARACTER *of the late Lord* CHESTERFIELD.

THE late Lord Chesterfield made so much noise in the world, that I wonder the pens of the literati have not been set in motion to depict the character of this nobleman with truth and impartiality; at least no such portrait have I yet met with. During his life it was the fashion for every one who spoke of him to be his encomiast. It would have been an heresy in the republic of wit to have questioned his uncommon fund of gallantry, the readiness of his repartee, and the poignancy of his satire. As a philosopher, it would have called in question the judgment of any one who would have doubted the depth of his knowledge, and his unlimited acquaintance with science in every department. As a politician and negotiator, he was generally said to surpass the whole *corps diplomatique*; and as a writer we were always told his posthumous works would convince the world of the uncommon versatile of his genius. But now the veil of prejudice is drawn aside, we will, without flattering or depreciating his memory, take a view of him as he really was. It requires but little knowledge of the world to be acquainted, that when once a man has established a character for being a wit, hundreds of good and many bad things are ascribed to him; his name gives a sanction to a *bon mot*, and a person who would not risk it as coming from himself, utters it with confidence, and almost a certainty of success, under the sanction of a Chesterfield; and to this cause, more than any other, may be ascribed the great reputation he obtained for wit and pleasantry: not that he was destitute of either; but his constant attention to the graces, and his invariable regard to *bien seance*, would never suffer him to utter a *bon mot* that either bordered upon indelicacy or indecency; and he has been heard to say he has suppressed many a good thing because they were in some degree tinctured with one or other of these bad qualities.

As a philosopher, though some have been rash enough almost to compare him to a Newton, by his own confession he was but a very indifferent astronomer; and he acknowledges, that when he made a speech, for which he was much celebrated in the House of Lords, upon the bill concerning the alteration of the stile, he was very far from being master of the subject; and that though he met with uncommon applause on that occasion, it was more owing to his *manner* than his *matter*; and this he enforces as a weighty argument in favour of the study of oratory, the happy choice of words, and the effect of well-turned periods.

As a politician and a negociator, we allow him all the subtilty and duplicity requisite for a statesman; nor do we deny him a sufficient share of knowledge in history, or the interest of princes, to qualify him for an ambassador or a secretary of state; but in neither of these capacities did he peculiarly shine: either the circumstances of the times were not favourable to him, or his advice was not followed. In both these situations he seems rather to have acted upon the defensive than the offensive: he appears to have aimed at countermining the enemy rather than to make any open *coup d'eclat*.

As a writer, few of his works have appeared that have done him great credit. During his lifetime whatever he wrote was anonymous, and this confined to a few detached essays and temporary pieces; since his death we have seen nothing that has been ascribed to him but his Letters and Characters. The Letters to his son he certainly never meant for the public eye, and whatever knowledge of the world they may convey, there are many doctrines in them of a dangerous tendency to society, and which do no honour to his heart, whatever they may to his head.

As a man, he was certainly solely actuated by pride, vanity, and ambition. His person, though somewhat deformed, and his countenance not pre-engaging, he made up by art, in this respect, what nature had denied him. He studied dress minutely, to set himself off to the greatest advantage; and the graces, which he so strenuously recommends, he was perfect master of. His address was uncommonly happy, his vivacity was engaging, and the facility with which he spoke several modern languages, greatly recommended him to the admiration of foreigners, who pronounced him one of the most accomplished men of the age. Thus equipped he started into life with all the advantages of birth and fortune; and his vanity was not a little gratified by the distinguished favours he received from the ladies, particularly abroad. His lord-

ſhip was not without his foibles, and among the foremoſt of theſe was his ungovernable itch for play, which, however, he at length got the better of, and was then ſo thoroughly convinced of his error in this reſpect as to be induced to make thoſe rigorous ſtipulations in his will with regard to his next heir.

In domeſtic life we do not believe he was peculiarly happy; his marriage ſeems to have been a match of intereſt, and not the offspring of the tender paſſion; and having no legitimate heir to ſucceed him in titles and eſtates, this might tend to increaſe the coolneſs of his connubial alliance. He often complains in his letters of *l'ennui*, and that his only remedy for it was books, which his defective ſight at length almoſt debarred him of.—Neither does he ſeem very fortunate in his friendly intercourſes, occaſioned by that miſanthropy, which ſeems to have been too much the guide of all his actions. His moſt intimate acquaintance was Mr d'Ayrolles, and even to him his lordſhip does not ſeem to have unfolded the receſſes of his heart; their correſpondence conſiſts of little more than reciprocal politeneſs, and the *bagatelle* of the day.

After what has been ſaid, it would be injuſtice not to allow that he was a man of uncommon parts, ready wit, fertile genius, a complete maſter of politeneſs and *etiquette*, the elegant ſcholar, and the real fine gentleman; qualified to ſhine in courts and cabinets, a model for courtiers, and an ornament to his country.

T. and C. Mag.

An ESSAY *on the Mixture of* MIRTH *with* MORALITY.

HAVING ever been of opinion that *Mirth* and *Morality* are by no means incompatible, and that men may be both merry and wiſe, I am always more pleaſed with the productions of thoſe eſſayiſts who endeavour to make their readers wiſer and better in a jocular ſtile, than with the compoſitions of another ſet, which, though well enough intended to teach us wiſdom and goodneſs, are ſuch powerful *narcotics*, that we cannot help drooping over the ſleepy pages, heavily oppreſſed by the dullneſs pervading them.

For *my* part, I cannot think that thoſe books uſually diſtinguiſhed by the name of *good books*, are the only volumes in which *The whole Duty of Man* may be learned.—*Songs* may be ethical as *Sermons*. I can, at any time, *ſing* myſelf into a diſpoſition to practiſe all the cardinal virtues, and am frequently taught to ſet a proper value on life by a *Catch* or a *Glee*.

Sworn foe to gloominеſs and auſterity, I cannot ſuppoſe it neceſſary to ſtrike every *trait* of chearfulneſs out of my countenance, in order to make myſelf fit for the kingdom of Heaven; imagining, indeed, that there are many more agreeable paths to the manſions of eternal felicity, than thoſe which are pointed out at the *Foundery* or the *Lock**. I do not mean, however, that every man attached to the *Tabernacle*, who carries a funeral in his face, is, conſequently, a *ſad fellow*; having known ſome of the *Saints* themſelves, in the moments of relaxation, throw their features out of their frames, and tell you by their looks, that they do not deem chearfulneſs inconſiſtent with Chriſtianity, nor mirth with Methodiſm; nay, I have known them in thoſe moments act as if they opined, that by increaſing the catalogue of their *ſins*, they ſhould render themſelves doubly deſerving of *ſalvation*.

As the foregoing reflections were occaſioned by a late peruſal of ſome of the Odes of *Horace*, replete with *convivial morality*, I ſhall, in this Letter, beg leave to ſtrengthen my ſentiments with regard to *ſuch* morality (with which the abovementioned *choice ſpirit* and *ballad-maker* of antiquity abounds), by an extract happily calculated to ſupport them.

Horace opens the Fourth Ode in his Firſt Book, with telling us, in a very poetical manner, that "The ploughman no longer is attached to his fire-ſide, and that the lowing herds are no more deſirous of remaining in their ſtalls, while the earth exhibits the riches, and while no hoary froſts whiten all the fields."—He then proceeds in a yet more poetical ſtyle:

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Luna:
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.

Beneath the riſing morn fair Venus leads
Her various dance, and with her train
Of Nymphs, and modeſt Graces, treads the plain;
While Vulcan's glowing breath inſpires
The toilſome forge and blows up all its fires.

FRANCIS.

* *Two Methodiſt chapels in London.*

The Poet, in the above lines, deſcribes the Feaſts of Venus, which were celebrated by young women with dances and hymns, in honour of the Goddeſs. They began on the firſt of April, at the riſing of the morn, *imminente luna*, and continued three nights ſucceſſively.—The *Graces* who accompany the *Paphian* Queen in theſe moonlight-meetings, were the moſt amiable Divinities in the Heathen Mythology, and the ſource of all that is pleaſing in nature. The Poet calls them *decentes*, for that modeſty and reſerve with which they behaved themſelves in theſe aſſemblies.—What a chearful picture have we here! and it is rendered ſtill more ſtriking by the following lines:

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt ſolutæ:
Nunc et in umbroſis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu peſcat agnam, ſive malit hœdum.

Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flow'rs,
Which the glad earth from her free boſom pours,
We'll offer in the ſhady grove,
Of Lamb, or Kid, as *Pan* ſhall beſt approve.
FRANCIS.

Who could ſuppoſe, now, from the above quotations, which excite they gayeſt ideas in the mind, that this Ode was written to inform us that *we muſt all die*, and that no human creature, from the throne to the cottage, is immortal? Yet ſuch is evidently the principal deſign of it, and the ſolid morality contained in the following lines are rendered doubly forcible, from the airineſs and feſtivity of the preceding ones:

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti!
Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

With equal pace impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage-gate;
Nor ſhould our ſum of life extend
Our growing Hopes beyond their deſtin'd end.
FRANCIS.

This deſcription of Death, ſays M. *Dacier*, immediately after the gaiety of Spring, and the Feaſts of *Pan*, may ſeem, at firſt view, a little too ſerious, if not unnatural; yet it will appear perfectly beautiful and eaſy, when we conſider, that the Mortuary Feſtivals, in which ſacrifices were offered to Death, were celebrated immediately after thoſe of *Pan*. They continued five days; and are mentioned here by the Poet, to convince us, in the true ſpirit of *Epicurus*, that the near approach of death ought to engage us in the purſuit of the pleaſures of life. As the Mortuary Feſtivals, in the Roman Calendar, followed the Feaſts of Faunus, ſo ſhall death follow our days of merriment.

A LETTER *from Doctor* POPE, *dated at* Rome, *April 5. 1604, N. S. to Dr* WILKINS.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr Hill, wherein he tells me you think it convenient I ſhould write a letter to the Royal Society. Sir, I know both them and myſelf too well to think that any thing coming from me (eſpecially about what I have ſeen in Italy, where a great part of the ſociety are more verſed than I am) can be any way favourable unto them; otherwiſe I ſhould not at all value my pains. The journey of Naples, which I juſt now return from making, is certainly very well worth relating; and I would venture upon it, at your command, if I did not verily believe that two worthy gentlemen of your ſociety had already deſcribed it with much accuracy; and if they have not already made the ſociety partakers of it, they will do it without fail at their return to England, which I ſuppoſe will be next autumn: I mean Sir J. Finch and Dr Baynes. However, Sir, I will venture to relate to you alone what we obſerved, which it may be they thought not worth the taking notice of. Both going and coming we dined at Terracina, (which Horace calls, *Impoſitum ſaxis late candentibus Anxur.*") we ſaw very eminent ruins of a moſt magnificent temple of Jupiter Anxur; but what I chiefly mention it for, it is the beſt ſpot of earth for ſimpling that I ever yet ſaw in my life, there ſcarcely growing one common tree or herb: though it was a bad time, being early in the ſpring, yet we found very great variety of excellent ſimples, both trees, ſhrubs, and flowers, many of which are not in France in the beſt gardens, and ſcarcely known in Rome. We only could collect the names of them, this being no time for ſeed. If the ſpring produces ſo much, what might one expect from ſummer and autumn?—From Naples we went to the famous Grotto del Cane, paſſing under the Pauſilypus, which is perforated for near a mile in the loweſt place, of ſuch a height, as a man may ride through with a half-

pike held up; towards both the ends much higher to let in light, of such a breadth that two coaches may meet therein.—This mountain is famed for bearing excellent Greek wine. The Grotto of Dogs is a little cavity in the hill about twenty yards distant from the lake Aniano: it is about three yards long, a yard broad, and two yards high, and there is a door to it, which must be opened with a silver key, before one man can see the experiment. In this grotto there arises, very visibly, a steam or cloud, not above half a foot high, to which if a lighted torch be admoved, it goes out as if put into water. It did not hurt us who were in it, because the steam came not so high; nay, putting in a weak dog, he came out holding his head up above the steam; but when we held down his head, he fell down as dead immediately, and stirred not.—The ordinary experiment is this: hold a dog down below this steam (which besides that it is visible, the torch goes out at coming near it), he will very suddenly, I am sure, in less than four minutes, appear dead, without any kind of motion: if you would not have him die, take him and throw him into the lake, (take heed of drowning him); taking him out again, he is immediately well, and runs about. The people thereabouts, and some authors, attribute a strange re-vivifying quality to these waters, but, I believe, without sufficient ground; for I doubt not but that any other water will do the same business; but we could not, for want of other water, make the experiment. We took two dogs, and put them at the same time into the grotto, till they both seemed dead: we took them both out together, threw one of them into the lake, who recovered instantly, and ran away: we laid the other upon the ground, expecting what would become of him; after a good while we perceived him to begin to breathe, then he cried dolefully; he strived with much pain to get upon his legs, but fell down several times, as if he had been drunk; when at last he could stand upon his fore legs, he could not for a while move his hinder-legs, as if his back had been broke: it was an hour before he recovered to go tolerably. Sir, I doubt not but this steam is of the same nature with a damp in the coal-pits, only this is perpetual: and it may be worth your inquiring whether those that are surprized with damps would not recover sooner being put into the water than being let lie in the open air, which I have heard from a worthy gentleman of your society is the way by which they recover them. If I should describe the *Solfaterra*, the mountain Vesuvius, and the natural stoves, I am certain I should tire you and myself, having already exceeded the bounds of a letter. Pray, Sir, present my service to those of the Royal Society I have the honour to be known to, &c.

OBSERVATIONS *on* FACES.

IT appears very clear to me, that the human face has undergone many revolutions since the creation, both in the figure and fashion, if I may so call it, of wearing the features. I see no such faces in the present age as those which we find in old pictures and old books. The faces which were worn two or three hundred years ago are entirely out of fashion now. I grant that the engravers were not so expert formerly as they are at present; but then it must be allowed, that to copy a likeness, and to engrave well, are two different things; and that a true likeness may be taken off by an indifferent hand. A profile, taken by a shadow on a sheet of paper, may often be instantly known. A few strokes of the pencil will frequently form a likeness which is again lost in the finishing; wherefore, the insufficiency of engravers cannot be brought as an argument to overthrow my opinion, that the figure and fashion of the face are subject, like all other things, to continual changes; and as to painters, the ancients have never yet been exceeded by the moderns; yet they, as well as the engravers, produced no such faces as are in fashion now. Where the distinction particularly lies, is not so easy to describe; yet, that there is such a distinction, is, I think, certain. As all changes have their causes, I am inclined to believe, that the changes in the figure and fashion of the face principally arise from the following:

With regard to the changes that take place in the figure of the face, I would observe, that all nations have originally a face peculiar to themselves. The face of a Spaniard is not like that of an Englishman; the French differs from both, the Dutch from all three, and so on.

The extension of commerce within these two centuries past has introduced

a commerce of matrimony. It ſeems to me then, that parents of different nations cannot produce a true national face in their deſcendants; the original diſtinct characters of each will be blended, and the child, by partaking of both nations, will be a true likeneſs of neither, and conſequently a new face will make its appearance. Within this century, the inter-marriages of the Engliſh with the Scots, Welch, and Iriſh, have been very frequent; French and Germans too frequently ſettle and marry in England.—Two centuries ago it was quite otherwiſe; men did not travel much, and women kept almoſt entirely at home.—This I take to be one reaſon why the preſent face differs ſo much from the old pictures.

Beſides the face that is peculiar to a nation in general, there is likewiſe a provincial one, and the whole may be again divided into town and country faces; wherefore, the ſame nation, by the inter-marriages of the inhabitants of the different parts, will produce an alteration, though in a leſs degree.

Secondly, As to the *faſhion* of wearing our faces, or rather the features of the face, that, as to individuals, depends, in a great meaſure, on their manners and ſentiments, the particular employments they follow, or the different amuſements they purſue. Every perſon wears his face according to his buſineſs, unleſs he is aſhamed of it. There is a ſoldier's face, a tailor's face, a farmer's face, a tradeſman's face, a gentleman's face, a judge's face, a clergyman's face, &c. &c. &c. There is a certain kind of countenance, or faſhion of the features, which a man inſenſibly puts on in the way of his buſineſs, which at laſt becomes natural to him, and it is from our aſſociating our ideas of men's faces whom we never ſaw, to that fitneſs of external character which becomes their employment, that we picture to ourſelves the general likeneſs of a man, by knowing his ſtation and rank in life. Bucks, bloods, rakes, and fops, have their particular face faſhions, by which they may as eaſily be diſtinguiſhed as a Quaker by the cut and colour of his coat, the form of his hat, or the decency of his countenance. Obſervation will convince any perſon, that *manners* have a powerful effect in forming, transforming, and reforming the faſhion of our faces. When a whole nation is influenced by any particular ſet of manners, their countenances will undergo a general change. When diſſolute manners prevail, modeſt countenances will go out of faſhion, and *vice verſa* — In times of general ſorrow and calamity, long and weeping faces will be worn. In times of general joy, ſhort and chearful ones will be the mode. Sorrow lengthens the face, joy contracts it; for the act of laughing naturally expands and ſpreads the countenance: Tears, the contrary. An attentive obſerver may, by marking the countenances of others, know the general tenor of any change that happens in the ſtate of public affairs, without giving himſelf the trouble to look for it in the news-papers. Men who have things at heart cannot expunge them from their faces; and I have always obſerved, that the arrival of freſh intelligence never fails to alter the caſt or faſhion of the face of that day.

From theſe, and a number of ſimilar obſervations which might be offered, I think it will appear plain, that the national character in faces will revolve by inter-marriages, and that the faſhion of the features depends on manners and habit.

STRICTURES *on* CARD-PLAYING.

Being a new Tranſlation of M. de Pinto's *Letter to M.* Diderot *on that Subject.*

WILL toleration, think you, at laſt eſtabliſh itſelf in Europe? Will manners ſoften, and men become thereby leſs unfortunate and leſs wicked? Sometimes I flatter myſelf into hope on this ſubject, and ſometimes I am thrown into deſpair. Speaking, however, of that handful of the human race which occupies our Europe, it appears to me, upon the whole, that we are a little better. But what will be your ſurpriſe when you learn that, amongſt the various cauſes of this revolution, I rank the preſent univerſal taſte for card-playing as one of the moſt active, as one, indeed, which hath given a new figure and faſhion to Europeans? Do not ſuppoſe I overlook the mighty maſs of miſchief attending both ſexes when poſſeſſed of the ſpirit of gaming. I ſee clearly into this evil, but I am convinced it is counterbalanced: and that the reſulting advantages, when put into the oppoſite ſcale, preponderate upon the whole.

And I reaſon thus: before the æra of

cards, the ſexes had leſs ſocial intercourſe with each other. Men, by a natural conſequence, were oftener together. Their places of aſſociation were coteries, taverns, clubs, and drinking houſes, and there was, of neceſſity, more friendſhip and more fellowſhip. A languid vacuity in life, or what the French in one comprehenſive word call *l'ennui*, ſtimulated men to cultivate their talents, and they were obliged to fill up the *hiatus* either by one mode of exertion or another. Buſineſs, toil, and ſtudy were the employments of one part, while cabals and conſpiracies engaged the attention of the other. Politics (the child of languor and leiſure) became the great object of converſation, and for want of ſomething to do, ſhe prattled impertinently about the ſtate. Her votaries became inſpired with the ſpirit of talking, and every aſſembly echoed with complaint, confederation, and a ſcheme to controul the puiſſance of government. Great virtues and vices were more common. On the other hand, cards are the taliſmans which bind the gentleſt paſſions in the ſofteſt union.—— When the tables are prepared—when the green carpet for the cards is ſpread, and Love and Friendſhip are ſeated oppoſite to each other, it muſt needs be a feaſt for the ſoul and ſenſes, nor can men be ever cloyed when in the view of ſo much beauty, and when encircled, as it were, with charms. Praiſe be to the cards! there is little elſe at preſent than the *gallant*. There are many acquaintances, and not one friend; plenty of miſtreſſes, and not one lover. A Muſſulman, who was to contemplate our great aſſemblies with Aſiatic eyes, would certainly believe that the Bacha-Europeans had their ſeraglio in common. You will find then that an amuſement which mingles the ſexes even more than the cards, muſt forcibly relax the energy of love. Add to this, that the efforts to eſcape languor are themſelves relaxed by that amuſement. Of this triple relaxation, let us combine the effects, and cultivate the conſequences. The very ſedentary life to which that eternal diverſion reduces the two ſexes, enervates the body; from whence reſults, in phyſics and in morals, a new ſyſtem of manners, conſtitution, and temperament. The magic of the game at cards forms a focus of almoſt all the paſſions in miniature. It is true, that the greateſt part is microſcopic, and more delluſive than ordinary illuſions. It is through that mirror you behold the confuſed idea of happineſs and misfortune: even vanity itſelf is there. The game ſeems to eſtabliſh an imaginary equality among the players: it is a vehicle which in ſociety reſembles the moſt diſcordant individual. Ambition and avarice are the motions, and the univerſal taſte for pleaſure flatters itſelf with being fully gratified by the amuſement. Ladies being of the party, love ought to be ſo too. The ſphere of our paſſions is more circumſcribed and confined to one ſmall orbit. All the paſſions enfetter themſelves, if the phraſe may be admitted: they evaporate and fly off far from their ſource and from their end. Languor, leiſure, lazineſs, avarice, ambition, and idleneſs, devour in common a hollow nouriſhment, which at once emaſculates their vigour, and obſtructs their activity; but as from the violent ferment of theſe mighty paſſions there generally reſults more evil than good, I am inclined to think the human race rather gains than loſes. There is not, indeed, any great virtue, but to balance this there are not any great crimes; poiſoning, aſſaſſination, and all the horrors of civil war, are incompatible in a nation where the men and women loſe ſo large a portion of their time in watching the events of the card table.

I have by heart Mr Diderot's Treatiſe on the Paſſions. Theſe are his words:

"We are for ever exclaiming againſt the paſſions; all the pains of man are imputed to them: we forget that they are alſo the ſources of all the pleaſures.—There is nothing but the paſſions, and the great paſſions too, which have the power of elevating the ſoul to great things.—— Without the paſſions, farewell to all that is ſublime, whether in manners or in works: the fine arts would return into a ſecond childhood, and virtue herſelf become unimportant. The ſober paſſions make the ordinary mortal. Friendſhip is nothing more than circumſpection, if the dangers of a friend leave our eyes open to our own dangers. The circumſcribed paſſions degrade the extraordinary character, and conſtraint annihilates both the dignity and the energy of nature."

In admitting and adopting theſe ſublime ideas, I will venture to ſay that cards have prepared the human heart and underſtanding to receive the impreſſions which the progreſs of our rights extend

upon government and manners; and I wish to see the following thesis proposed as a question in our academies: viz. "Whether the invention of the game of cards, the progress of that amusement, and its universality, have contributed to change the manners in Europe?"

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SPEECH *in the* PANTHEON *on Thursday the 12th of November, by Mr* David Loch, *on the Question*, "Is there just Cause to "suspect that fatal Effects will arise "to this Nation from a Repeal of the "Penal Statutes against Papists?"

Mr President,

I CAME here this evening in consequence of a card I received this morning from a member of this society, who sits on my left hand, for whom I entertain a great regard;—as to the subject before us, I think it extremely improper for this society, especially as the legislature, the King, Lords, and Commons, who jointly or singly must be allowed to know better than we poor insignificant, half-learned, ignorant men, has thought proper to determine the question before us.

To say, or think there is no way to heaven but by the direct line of Presbyterianism (and its votaries are divided into so many different sects), is as much as to say that heaven is so narrow and limited as that the Almighty cannot extend it further than to receive those of our own persuasion, of the seceder profession, and to all the conceited, wrong-headed, narrow-minded, bad-hearted people in this little corner of ours. Forbid it heaven! the idea makes me tremble. Take the whole of our divided tribe of low-church men together, and what proportion do you think they bear to the Christian world? as one only to ninety-nine: That the one should be right and the ninety-nine wrong, is to me, and to every man that will seriously consider of it, a most absurd, uncharitable, damnable doctrine, very unlike that which bears the name of Christianity.—Extend the line still further; can it be thought, can it enter the breast of any feeling man, that God has brought into this world some hundred millions to be damned? Here I shrink back; my blood almost loses its circulation. Is there not room enough on this little island (for small it is when compared to his Almighty universe) for its inhabitants? and shall we deny to any one sect the liberty of worshipping God after their own way, or presume to pronounce them damned because their religious principles differ from our own? This would be the height of folly, ignorance, and presumption. Let us do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God and man. This is the great line marked out to us by the most high authority; therefore I again repeat, do good to one another, feel for your friend in distress, comfort the afflicted, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, and obey the great commands laid down by our Saviour, and let not the heats or difference of sentiments as to religion, politics or king-craft make us deviate from these; if we do, we are dupes to our own selfish, ridiculous, conceited ideas, disturbing our own happiness and that of others.

Much more was said, Mr Printer, by this able speaker on this subject, who, as it was ridiculous in the society to call in question the wisdom of the legislature in repealing certain penal statutes against Papists, treated them and the question in a ludicrous point of view, which excited the risible faculties of the audience, gave universal approbation, and was strictly conformable to the motto of the Society, "*Seria mixta jocis.*"

The Difference of BODILY STRENGTH *amongst Men philosophically accounted for.*

ONE would not suppose a wise man should have a foolish son, nor a foolish father a wise one. Like the crow, like the egg: Thus runs the proverb, which, however, is daily disproved. The men who are most celebrated for their sense, and whose lives pass wholly in a cabinet, as it were under lock and key, amidst the lumber of books and papers, commonly produce silly and stupid children. The reason, perhaps, is, because they are too abstracted, and do not think enough of what they are about. Engrossed by other ideas, and feeling but in a faint degree the ardours of love, they suffer their imaginations to wander from the subject, even in the moment of procreation. These mortals are too professional. A poet, for instance, is looking about for a good rhime while he is in the arms of a wife; the politician is, in the same moment, signing some treaty of peace; the philosopher is busied in his argument; and the mathematician is running after

his problem. Such heads are too much heated; they wholly exhaust themselves by the work of the day; and they are not able to bestow upon nature, even in her most necessary work, more than a feeble and battered body. Hence, by consequence, their offspring are equally ineffectual and impuissant.

Those men, on the contrary, whose heads are comfortably substantial, whose limbs are strongly connected, and are, as it were, all matter, produce very different children. Follow them, for example, into the interior parts of their domestic management. You will find them from time to time heartily angry with their wives; nay, occasionally, you will perceive them using the fist, in the way of household discipline. But notwithstanding this, they are still attentive to them as wives, and as women, intended by nature to perpetuate the human race. They have few ideas, and many strong appetites; those appetites are not very delicate; and it is for these reasons that the children which they beget are, like themselves, powerful and industrious. They apply themselves vigorously to the duty of multiplying their species. Instead of being occupied by other cares, they are wholly engaged with the work in hand. Amongst them, it is not an affair of divided or distracted attention; it is an affair of passion.

HARRY HASTY: *A literary Oddity.*

HARRY HASTY may be justly called an *hellus librorum*: that is, freely translated into *English*, a hellish lover of books. He reads every thing which is published, good, bad, and indifferent; but, from an unlucky want of judgment and taste, frequently prefers the worst productions swarming from the press, to those that have, indisputably, the greatest share of literary merit. Harry is a devourer of books, but they afford his mind no nourishment: They only fill it with crudities which he certainly would keep to himself, were he a wise man. As he is not less fond of *talking* than he is of *reading*, he is continually exposing his mental weaknesses by his loquaciousness. Harry is an *Author* too—or rather a Scribbler; for though the pieces he writes are truly *erogenous*, they do more credit to the expedition of his *hand*, than to the operations of his *head*. Harry writes as he reads, and as he talks, with rapidity; and in consequence of his precipitance, is often guilty of many capital mistakes, with his pen in full speed. Sometimes, however, those mistakes give so much diversion to his friends, that they are ready to pardon the inaccuracies of the *Composer* in the amusement which they receive from the *Composition*. The following blunder of our Odditity will serve to justify the above strictures on his literary character. Having been naturally led to mention *Misers* in a poetical Essay upon *Avarice*, he called them, in one of his most striking passages, the "*Plutonian Train*;" quite forgetting, *currente calamo*, while the poetical fit—or rather frenzy—was on him, that *Plutus*, and not *Pluto*, was the God of Wealth.—However, tho' this inadvertency is sufficiently pleasant to make us smile, Harry stumbled, by chance, upon no bad epithet for the slaves to gold, by calling them the *Plutonian Train*, as they, in general, keep up those riches which render them so detestable in the eyes of all men of a liberal way of thinking, by methods which could only have been suggested by the *Devil*, that is, the *Christian's* Pluto, the *King of Hell*.—Harry, though he has no small opinion of his own *parts*, frequently condescends to *quote*, and deems himself singularly happy in his quotations. Having a very good opportunity, one day, to introduce the subsequent lines in *Pope*'s Essay on Criticism,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
"Drink deep or taste not the *Pierian Spring*;"

he, by substituting *Peruvian* for *Pierian*, proved, in the most forcible manner, that *he* had *little learning*; and that the *shallow draughts* * which he drank at the above-mentioned *Spring* had *intoxicated* his *head*; and it is not probable his *deep drinkings at that watering place will sober him again.*

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Droll Account of a Speat in the water of Ruthven, *in a sort of Scots Dialect.*

Mr Magazine Maker,

THIS sam day, a gey while afore paritchtime, cam on the fearfuest wind and rain ever ye saw; and down cam

* "There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
"And drinking largely sobers us again."

given 'at wa'd a fley'd ye. We warna dimen o' ony feck thing; but I trow it gat a fleer amang us; for ye maun ken our toun fits juſt on the burn brae. In a crack it cam in at our doors like a mill-dam, drown'd out the fire, ſet pats, and cogs, and luggies, an' a' a-ſailin'. I flew to the amrie, took out the ſiller, and ony duds o' claes I had i' the kiſt, and crap out at the back window wi' them. I ventured back again for anither lift, but by that time it was takin' me up to the ſwee at my ain fire-ſide: I trow I was fain to get out again haleſcart, and let the houſe tak its chance.—Sandy Taylor, my dore nibour, tyed a ſtring to his wife's fit, till he wad get the leave o' his things carried out; ſyne, when he had gien awa' the beſt o' his gudes, he drew the wife out at the back window, takin' in what was beſt ſirſt. In the mean time it was ſtill pourin on rain, and the water rowin frae bank to brae. Admiral Gruppel might-a fail'd in't wi' a' his fleet. I lookit up and ſaw nae bow i' the clouds, and (Gude forgie me, I hae little faith) thought this wad be anither flude, and no even a Noah to be ſaved. I wat weel this generation deſerves a judgment, for I duna ken how the Antidalunians could be greater ſinners: We're ill and ill enough hereabouts; but they ſay the folk about Edinbrugh and London wad na gie a ſnap o' ther fingers to ſtay at hame frae the preachin' on Sabbath, (Gude have a care o' us!) and play at Hoody-curpin.

Weel, as I was tellin' you, when we got fa'e out, we ran awa' up to the Miller's (for his houſe ſtands out o' the *water-gang*) and gat a drap warm kel. Syne it grew fair, and the water fell, and we gaed awa' to ſee what like houſes we had, and what the water had left us. But ſick anither ſow ye never ſaw!—The flure was a' diba; the diſhes lyin' ane here and ane there; Dorithy's whiſky-bottle was made grog, for ſhe had left it beneath the bed without a cork. Janet Cunnikem's meal-kiſt was fu', and the meal fae draked, that ſhe had to gie't to the cow. But it's needleſs to be telling ye.—In ſhort, a' was arſe o'er head. Mony things was ta'en awa'. Lapla Danſkin loſt a ladle; David the brewer, twa or three barrels, and ſome muck at the foot o' his yard. I myſel loſt a gude tweedal ſark: but we canna be o'er thankfu, I trow that were no a cared at ourſels, and left ſtikin i' the beſſes amang the auld clogs and the leaves o' the water wrack. I have now been a cotter i' the Miltown this thratty year and a day, and I never was witneſs to ſick a down-the-burn, an it was na that time it came on us i' the night-time. I wakend and fand the bed wet, and fle't to our Joſi (he was a bairn then), thinking he had done it; but I trow when I play'd plunge amang the water, my heart amaiſt lap out at ma mouth. O, but that was a night!

I was gain to forget to tell you, that the young laird carried out auld Gils on his back. A gude humble lad he is, I wat weel. I ay thought there was ſomething gude about that ladie when he was a bairn. I hope we'll live happy under his ring. NANY GRAHAM.

Miltoun o' Auchterarder,
20th Nov. auld ſtile.

P. S. Auld gutcher (ane o' your lang headed farſeen carls) tells us ye're the man 'at gies us a' the news; ſae be ſure ye tell us ere the French is comin, for am fearder for them nor Riven yet.—I wiſh you 'ats a lear'd man, and has lojick, wad tell us when the neſt ſpeat will come, 'at we may gang out o' the geat a time.

ANECDOTE *of the celebrated Duke of* WHARTON.

THE celebrated Duke of Wharton, contained in himſelf almoſt every thing that is great or mean in human nature, and his virtues and vices have been admirably painted by Mr Pope in his firſt moral Eſſay. The following Anecdote, relative to that nobleman, will perhaps be new to the generality of people.

"His Grace (ſays Mr Walpole, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors), then in oppoſition to the court, went to Chelſea the day before the laſt debate on the Biſhop of Rocheſter's affairs; where acting contrition, he profeſſed being determined to work out his pardon at court by ſpeaking againſt the biſhop; in order to which he begged ſome hints. The miniſter was deceived, and went through the whole cauſe with him, pointing out where the ſtrength of the argument lay, and where its weakneſs. The Duke was very thankful, returned to the town, paſſed the night in drinking; and, without going to bed, went to the Houſe of Lords, where he ſpoke for the biſhop, recapitulating in the moſt maſterly manner, and anſwering all that had been argued againſt him."

POETRY.

An Address to Life.

WHAT art thou, LIFE?—ſo courted by mankind!
What are the pleaſures of thy happieſt day?
A gaudy meteor dancing on the wind,
Admir'd while fleeting like the ſmoke away!

Then exiſtence deem'd ſo great a good,
That ev'ry thought of Death ſhou'd teem with dread
Ev'n to the wretch depriv'd of friend and food,
Who wrings from charity his bitter bread?

Is it, that Man attempts, with eager claſp,
To hold the preſent—doubtful of his doom!
Imploring reſpite at his lateſt gaſp,
And ſhock'd with horror at the yawning tomb?

Doth Heav'n unuſual terrors then diſplay
To melt the ſoul?—the ſtubborn neck to bend!
Or pow'rful Nature vindicate her ſway,
And ev'ry paſſion roſe for ſome great end?

The reſtleſs Monarch, toſs'd in ſtorms of ſtate,
Begs the continuance of his regal toil!
The labouring Hind implores a longer date,
Tho' doom'd with ſweating brow to till the ſoil!

The laurel'd Chief train'd up in war's alarms,
Prompt in th' enſanguin'd field to yield his breath;
Yet, lull'd in peace, and bleſs'd with beauty's charms,
Begins to tremble at th' approach of death!

Alike the vig'rous youth, the blooming maid,
Aghaſt behold the grifly King advance!
The hoary ſire, and hag with age decay'd,
Shrink from the blow, and tremble at the lance.

See the lone Widow * o'er yon mournful bier
Of her loſt Lord, oppreſs'd with tender grief,
Heave the deep ſigh, in ſilence drop the tear,
Or call on Death to give her woes relief!

When lenient time hath ſoth'd her troubled breaſt,
And ſome new conſort cheers her drooping heart;
Should Death appear, and promiſe endleſs reſt,
She'd eye, affrighted, his unerring dart!

But happy he whom conſcious Virtue gives
A ſoul ſerene, a firm, undaunted mind;
In Peace ſecure, and Hope, content he lives,
And when his fate demands him, dies reſign'd!

* *The Countys of Errol.*

THE EXPERIMENT.

A Tale.

VIRTUE and Vice, two mighty powers
Who rule this motley world of ours,
Diſputed once which govern'd beſt,
And whoſe dependants were moſt bleſt.
They reaſon'd, rally'd, crack'd their jokes,
Succeeding much like other folks;
Their logic waſted, and their wit,
Nor one nor t'other would ſubmit;
But both the doubtful point conſent
To clear by fair experiment:
For this ſome mortal, they declare,
By turns ſhall both their bounty ſhare,
And either's power to bleſs him try'd,
Shall then the long diſpute decide.
On Hodge they fix'd, a country boor,
As yet rough, ign'rant, careleſs, poor—
Vice firſt exerts her power to bleſs,
And gives him riches in exceſs,
With gold ſhe taught him to ſupply
Each riſing wiſh of luxury;
Hodge grew at length polite and great,
And liv'd like miniſter of ſtate;
He ſwore with grace, got nobly drunk,
And kept in pomp his twentieth punk.
One morning, as in eaſy-chair
Hodge ſat with ruminating air,
Vice, like a lady fair and gay,
Approach'd, and thus was heard to ſay:
(Behind her Virtue all the while
Stood ſilly liſtening with a ſmile):
"Know, favour'd mortal, know that I
The pleaſures of thy life ſupply;
I raiſ'd thee from thy clay-built cell,
Where Want, Contempt, and Slavery dwell;
And as each joy on earth is ſold,
To purchaſe all I gave thee gold;
This made the charms of Beauty thine,
This bleſs'd thee with the joys of wine;
This gave thee in the rich repaſt
Whate'er can pleaſe the tutor'd taſte.
Confeſs the bleſſings I beſtow,
And pay the grateful thanks you owe;
My name is Vice."—Cry'd Hodge (and ſneer'd),
"Long be your mighty name rever'd!
Forbid it heav'n, thus bleſt by you,
That I ſhould rob you of your due!
To Wealth 'twas you that made me heir,
And gave, for which I thank your care;
Wealth bought me wine, 'tis paſt a doubt,
And wine, for here's a leg! the gout.
To Wealth I owe my French ragout,
And that each morn and night—I ſpue.
This beauty brought, and with the dame
The p-x, a bleſt companion! came.
And now to ſhew how much I prize
The joys which from your bounty riſe,
Each coupled with ſo dear a brother,
I'll give you one to take the other.
Avaunt! depart from whence you came,
And thank your ſtars that I am lame."
Enrag'd and griev'd away ſhe flew,
And all her gifts from Hodge withdrew,

Now, in his ſad repentant hour,
Celeſtial Virtue try'd her pow'r;
For Wealth, Content the goddeſs gave,
Th' unenvy'd treaſure of the ſlave!
From wild deſires ſhe ſet him free,
And fill'd his breaſt with Charity;
No more loud tumults Riot breeds,
And Temp'rance Gluttony ſucceeds.
Hodge, in his native cot at reſt,
Now Virtue found, and thus addreſs'd:
"Say, for 'tis your's by proof to know,
Can Virtue give thee bliſs below?
Content my gift, and Temp'rance mine,
And Charity, tho' meek, divine."
With bluſhing cheeks and kindling eyes,
The man tranſported thus replies:
"My goddeſs! on this favour'd head
The life of life thy bleſſings ſhed!
My annual thouſands when I told,
Inſatiate ſtill I ſigh'd for gold;
You give Content, a boundleſs ſtore!
And, rich indeed, I ſigh'd no more.
With Temp'rance came, delightful gueſt!
Health, taſteful food, and balmy reſt;
With Charity's ſeraphic flame
Each gen'rous ſocial pleaſure came;
Pleaſures which in poſſeſſion riſe,
And retroſpective thought ſupplies!
Long to atteſt it may I live,
That all Vice promiſes you give."
Vice heard, and ſwore that Hodge for hire
Had giv'n his verdict like a liar;
And Virtue, turning with diſdain,
Vow'd ne'er to ſpeak to Vice again.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A WINTER EVENING. *Addreſſed to the amiable Miſs* D——d, *in* B—r—s.

A DEEPNING gloom inveſts the ſable ſky,
The faithleſs moon denies her wonted glow;
Far from the north the livid tempeſts fly,
The ſweeping whirlwind, and the driving ſnow.

The ſtars, in ſhort-ſeen twinklings dim,
Shoot forth athwart the murky gloom,
And ſhrouded ſpectres noiſeleſs ſkim,
(So fancy feigns) along the moſs-grown tomb.

Of ſimple fare the houſewife now prepares
A frugal feaſt for Colin from the fold,
Who, grateful man! defends his fleecy cares,
Nor recks the rain, or the ſharp-biting cold.

With eager haſte his children oft peep out,
As oft aggriev'd the abſent ſhepherd mourn;
At length, well-pleas'd they hail him to the cot,
And lisp contentment on their ſire's return.

While Colin ſeated near the blazing fire,
By ſprightly frolics meditates to pleaſe—
By jeſts, which harmleſs merriment inſpire,
And by the good-humour, friend of rural eaſe.

Around the hearth the village-matrons talk
To infant-crouds, who wonder at the tale
Of witching rhymes, of ghoſts o'er graves that ſtalk,
Of evil ſpirits, and of goblins pale.

The little audience ſtiffen'd with amaze,
Scarce-breathing all a death-like ſilence keep;
At ev'ry pauſe in ſolemn dread they gaze,
And trembling ſpeechleſs round the beldames creep.

The red-blue meteors in eccentric dance,
Glide o'er th' irriguous mead, and tufty heath,
While vulgar fears ſee hell's grim king advance,
Diffuſing wide war, peſtilence, and death.

When homeward plods the chearful whiſtling hind,
And low'ring night enwraps the blacken'd ſhade,
May I, kind heaven, a modeſt manſion find,
Obſcure, deep hid in ſome ſequeſter'd glade.

And there may I, with a *choice few* retire,
There undiſturb'd the hallow'd hour employ,
Or gay, or ſerious, as our themes require,
Immers'd in ſtudy, or diſſolv'd in joy.

With them let me revolve the *ancient* page,
Exhale the ſweets of ſterling *claſſic* lore,
Or ſcan the labours of the *ſchool-taught ſage*,
And all his mazy myſteries explore.

Let me with them (our ſtudies at end)
With gayer thoughts exhilarate the ſoul,
With Celia's praiſe the gleeful heart extend,
And all her virtues all her charms adore.

Hail! lovely Celia, bleſt with thee the ſkies
To me diſrob'd of ſcowling blaſts appear,
With thee 'mid defarts vernal beauties riſe,
With thee how gay the deſolated year!

Though now no zephyr ſoothes the mountain's breaſt,
Yet Celia's preſence ſpreads a pleaſing charm,
Tho' meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt,
Celia can pleaſe, and all their rage diſarm.

Banks of Avon. CLEON.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

An EPIGRAM. *Addreſſed to a certain Gentleman in* Linlithgow, *who lately attempted to write Poetry. By a Lady.*

THOU ſcribbling, grovelling, Grubſtreet dunce,
Why thus miſpend your time?
Why ſtruggle hard, (oh! vain attempt)
To grace the poliſh'd rhime?
Why knock your ſtupid, brainleſs ſkull,
And think that rhyme will come;
Knock as you will, you'll ſurely find
There's nobody at home.

THE REVIEW.

A HISTORY *of the Military Tranſactions of the Britiſh Nation in* Indoſtan. *Vol. II. Sect. I. and II.* [bound in two vols.] *4to.* 2l. 2s. *in boards.* Nourſe, London.

THE firſt Volume of this Hiſtory was publiſhed in 1763, which traced the affairs of India down to the commencement of the war between the Engliſh and the French in that quarter, in 1756. At this period, therefore, begins the continuation now before us, which is introduced with an inquiry into the riſe and progreſs of the Engliſh commerce in the province of Bengal, and with ſome part of the hiſtory of the Mahomedan government.

It appears that the trade of this country was opened to the Engliſh by means of a ſurgeon named Boughton, who in 1636 was ſent from Surat to Agra, to attend a daughter of the Emperor Shaw Jehan. His endeavours for the cure of the lady proving ſucceſsful, the emperor, beſides other favours, granted him the privilege of a free trade throughout his dominions. Having obtained this indulgence, Boughton immediately proceeded to Bengal, where he intended to purchaſe goods, and to carry them by ſea to Surat. He had no ſooner arrived in the former of thoſe places, than he was employed to cure a favourite woman belonging to the Nabob of the province; which having effected, the latter prevailed upon him to remain in the country; giving him at the ſame time a handſome ſtipend, and confirming the privilege that had been granted by the emperor, with a promiſe to extend it to all others of the Engliſh nation who ſhould come to Bengal. Boughton ſent an account of his ſucceſs to the Engliſh governor of Surat, by whoſe advice the company in 1640 ſent two ſhips from England to Bengal, the agents of which being introduced to the nabob by Boughton, were kindly received, and aſſiſted in their mercantile tranſactions. The advantages which accrued from this intercourſe were ſuch as gave encouragement to proſecute the trade, and to eſtabliſh a regular commerce with the inhabitants of the province.

The Engliſh ſoon after built a factory at Hughley, the principal part of the province, ſituated on the weſtern arm of the Ganges, about an hundred miles from the ſea. They were, however, not permitted to erect fortifications, or to guard themſelves with ſuch a military force as might excite any jealouſy in the government, being allowed to maintain only an enſign and thirty men.

Notwithſtanding the advantage which the Engliſh had acquired, they were as yet entirely dependent on the government of Bengal, which either by ſeizing the goods that were purchaſed, or by prohibiting them from being carried to the place of exportation, might at any time extremely violate the intereſt of the company. On this account, the latter kept its factories in Bengal dependent on the preſidency of Madraſs, where was a fort and garriſon, to which, on any ſudden emergency, the ſettlers in Bengal might reſort for advice and aſſiſtance.

For ſome years the Engliſh carried on their trade in this province without any moleſtation; but afterwards the government, either diſavowing the patents that had been granted to Boughton, or annihilating their operation by the narrow conſtruction which they now put upon them, the ſettlers were obliged to pay the ſame duties with other merchants. Nor was this the only infraction of former ſtipulations that they began to experience. The nabob henceforth aſſumed a more arbitrary conduct towards them, and their commerce was frequently interrupted by unuſual exertions of deſpotiſm.

Againſt theſe evils our author obſerves, that there were only two remedies, namely, war or retreat, either of which could not fail of proving detrimental to the company, conſidering that the Bengal trade, notwithſtanding the various reſtraints impoſed by the nabob, was ſtill very lucrative. For forty years therefore the Engliſh company attempted no military reſiſtance.

But the peaceable acquieſcence of the Engliſh rather increaſed than diminiſhed the exactions impoſed by the governors of the province; beſides, that the acts of oppreſſion exerciſed by thoſe inferior deſpots were abetted by the emperor at Surat: Determined therefore to try the effect of arms, the company, in the year 1685, with the approbation of K. James II. fitted out two fleets, one of which was ordered to cruiſe at the bar of Surat, on all veſſels belonging to the Mogul's ſub-

jects, and the other deſigned not only to commit hoſtilities by ſea at the mouth of the Ganges, but likewiſe carried ſix hundred regular troops in order to attack the Nabob of Bengal by land.

The conduct of this war was intruſted to Job Chanock, the company's principal agent at Hughley, a man of courage, but void of military experience. The chief object of this enterpriſe was to attack Chittagan, ſituated on the eaſtern ſhore of the bay of Bengal, oppoſite the road of Ballaſore. In the courſe of the expedition, however, one veſſel of the fleet was loſt; the largeſt ſhip, with another, were not able to make their paſſage; and the reſt did not arrive before the month of October 1686; by which time the factory of Hughley was inveſted by a body of the Nabob's troops. When the veſſels arrived, Chanock, with the aſſiſtance of the troops, who amounted to about four hundred and ſixty men, gave battle to the enemy, and drove them out of the town; a truce enſued, which proving of ſhort duration, the Moors were a ſecond time defeated. They prepared, however, to blockade the factory again; to avoid which, Chanock, marching down the weſtern bank of the river, deſtroyed all the magazines of ſalt and rice, which he found in his way between Hughley and the iſland of Ingelee; but pitching his camp here in the moſt unhealthy part of the province, in the ſpace of three months he loſt, by ſickneſs, three hundred Europeans, which was two thirds of his whole force.

The misfortune attending this expedition was compenſated by the ſucceſs of the fleet that had been ſent out to Surat, which greatly diſtreſſed the trade of the Mogul's ſubjects, and took from them prizes to the amount of a million of Sterling money. The clamour raiſed by the merchants in conſequence of this diſaſter, induced the Emperor to ſend one of his officers from Delhi, with orders to hear the complaints of the Engliſh, and to mitigate the oppreſſions which they had ſuffered. Hoſtilities ſoon after ceaſed; and, by a treaty ſigned in Auguſt 1687, it was ſtipulated that the Engliſh ſhould not only be permitted to return to all their factories in the province, but might likewiſe erect docks and magazines at Ulabarea, a village ſituated on the weſtern bank, about fifty miles from the mouth of the river.

This treaty was no ſooner ratified than the war at Surat broke out afreſh, and the Nabob of Bengal not only gave up the Engliſh trade to the rapine of his officers, but demanded a very large ſum as an indemnification for the loſs which the country had ſuſtained by the late hoſtilities. In conſequence of ſome unexpected events, however, an accommodation again took place between the contending parties, without this requiſition being granted; and the company received a patent from the Emperor, allowing them to trade free of cuſtoms, on condition of paying annually the ſum of three thouſand rupees.

In 1696, an inſurrection was commenced by the Rajahs on the weſtern ſide of the river Hughley, within whoſe juriſdiction were ſituated the principal ſettlements of the Engliſh, French, and Dutch, all which immediately augmenting their reſpective forces, declared for the Nabob; of whom they at the ſame time requeſted permiſſion to put their factories into a ſtate of defence. The Nabob ordered them in general terms to defend themſelves; and they, conſidering this order as implying a grant of their requeſt, proceeded with all expedition to raiſe walls and baſtions round their factories; of which that of the Engliſh was at Calcutta, where they had built their principal magazines. Such was the origin of the three European forts in the province of Bengal, the firſt that ever were ſuffered to be erected by foreigners within the Mogul empire.

During ſome years from this period, the fortune of the company was influenced not only by the affairs of India, but by the coalition of the commercial parties, which at this time took place in England: and the events which enſued, after the inſurrection of the Rajahs, are thus related in the hiſtory.

"The news of this rebellion alarmed Aurengzebe himſelf ſo much, that he ſent one of his grandſons, Azam-al Shan, with an army, to ſuperintend the three governments of Bengal, Behar, and Orixa. This prince was ſon of Mahomed Mauzm, who reigned after his father Aurengzebe, with the title Behader Shah; and Azam-al Shan himſelf ſeems likewiſe, even at this diſtant period, to have had an eye to the throne: for he came into Bengal with a reſolution to amaſs money by every means. This avaricious diſpoſition the Engliſh plied with preſents,

which in 1698 obtained his permiſſion to purchaſe from the zemindar, or Indian proprietor, the towns of Soota-nutty, Calcutta, and Govindpore, with their diſtricts, extending about three miles along the eaſtern bank of the river Hughley, and about one mile inland: the prince, however, reſerved the annual fine of 1195 rupees, which this ground uſed to pay to the Nabob of the province. But at this time, when the Engliſh ſettlements ſeemed on the point of emerging from continued difficulties to a ſtate of proſperity, the erection of a new Eaſt-India Company, in oppoſition to the old, renewed all the former evils. The new company eſtabliſhed their factory at Hughley, and the competition between the reſpective agents was carried on with the ſame animoſity as exaſperated their principals in England, which expoſed the concerns of both to the impoſitions of the Nabob and the merchants of Bengal, who took every advantage of this rivality. However, the ſpirit of commerce, which knows no reſentments that are prejudicial to its intereſt, ſoon reconciled the contending parties in England, and produced a coalition, of which the preliminaries were adjuſted in 1698; but the final union did not take place till ſeven years after; this time being neceſſary to blend the different concerns of both companies into one common ſtock.

"In the mean time, the ſettlement of Calcutta had attracted ſuch a number of inhabitants as excited the jealouſy of the governor of Hughley, who, pretending that he ſhould be puniſhed for ſuffering ſo many of the Mogul's ſubjects to withdraw themſelves from his juriſdiction, threatened to ſend a Cadi or Mahomedan judge, and officers of the police, to adminiſter juſtice amongſt the natives living under the Engliſh flag. The meaſure would have renewed the ſame inconveniences which had forced the Engliſh to quit Hughley: it was therefore counteracted by a bribe given to Azam-al-Shan, who forbad the governor of Hughley from proceeding in his intentions. By this conſtant attention to money, Azam-al-Shan in three years amaſſed three millions of pounds Sterling, which he carried with him out of the province; but he left behind him his ſon Furrukſhir to get more; who, in 1713, gained the throne, after his father had periſhed in diſputing it with his brothers.

"The union of the two companies, by augmenting the ſtock, increaſed the trade, and enlarged the views of the direction; who, at the ſame time, warned by the late examination of the company's affairs in parliament, exerted themſelves with zeal and intelligence, in order to confound the clamours of thoſe who exclaimed againſt the inſtitution of an Eaſt-India company, as a monopoly detrimental to the mercantile intereſt of the nation. The commerce of Bengal more eſpecially became the object of their attention: the ſubordinate factories of Coſſimbuzar, Dacca, and Ballaſore, which had been abandoned, were now reſettled: the exports and imports were doubled in value and in quantity: and the garriſon of Calcutta was augmented to 300 men: all which the government of Bengal, contrary to its uſual maxims, beheld without repugnance, and even without demanding money as the price of its forbearance and favour. This was the longeſt term of repoſe from vexations, which the Engliſh had experienced ſince their firſt eſtabliſhment in the province; and the increaſing importance of the colony induced the company, in 1707, to withdraw the ſettlements in it from their former dependence on Madraſs, and to declare Calcutta a preſidency accountable only to the direction in England."

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS *of the late* Philip Dormer Stanhope, *Earl of* Cheſterfield, *conſiſting of Letters, Political Tracts, and Poems. Vol. III. Completing the Edition of his Lordſhip's Works begun by Dr* Maty. *Collected, arranged, and reviſed, with a Preface, and Notes, by* B. W. *of the* Inner-Temple. *4to. 9 s. boards.* Williams.

THIS Collection bears indubitable marks of authenticity, and muſt therefore be deemed a deſirable addition to Dr Maty's imperfect publication, eſpecially as it betrays no confidence, being chiefly of a public political nature, and "propagates no ſentiments unworthy of the writer, or injurious to ſociety." It conſiſts of "Fourteen Letters to Maſter Stanhope (the preſent Earl), on the Art of Pleaſing." Theſe Letters, ſent to this young gentleman when he was under the tuition of the late Dr Dodd, often mentioned, and ſeen by many in MS. exhibit the writer in a very different light from that in which he ap-

pears in his Letters to his Son. The laſt of them we will therefore inſert.

" *My dear little Boy,*

" Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite obſervation, that no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is aukward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common ſenſe paſs generally for a fool, becauſe he affected a degree of wit that God had denied him. A plowman is by no means aukward in the exerciſe of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous if he attempted the air and graces of a man of faſhion. You learned to dance, but it was not for the ſake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they naturally would have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and aukward imitations of other boys.

" Nature may be cultivated and improved, both as to the body and mind; but it is not to be extinguiſhed by art; and all endeavours of that kind are abſurd, and an inexpreſſible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind muſt be at eaſe, to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular reſtraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage, or pleaſing in his converſation. Do you think your motions would be eaſy or graceful, if you wore the cloaths of another man much ſlenderer or taller than yourſelf? Certainly not. It is the ſame thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you. But do not miſtake, and think that it follows from hence, that you ſhould exhibit your whole character to the public, becauſe it is your natural one. No; many things muſt be ſuppreſſed, and many things concealed in the beſt character; never force nature; but it is by no means neceſſary to ſhew it all.

" Diſcretion muſt come to your aſſiſtance, that ſure and ſafe guide thro' life; diſcretion, that neceſſary companion to reaſon, and the uſeful *garde feu*, if I may uſe the expreſſion, to wit and imagination. Diſcretion points out the *a-propos*, the *decorum*, the *ne quid nimis*, and will carry a man with moderate parts further than the moſt ſhining parts would without it. It is another word for judgment, though not quite ſynonymous to it. Judgment is not upon all occaſions required, but diſcretion always is. Never affect nor aſſume a particular character; for it will never fit you, but will probably give you a ridicule: leave it to your conduct, your virtues, your morals, and your manners, to give you one. Diſcretion will teach you to have particular attention to your *mœurs*, which we have no one word in our language to expreſs exactly; *morals* are too much, *manners* too little. Decency comes the neareſt to it, though rather ſhort of it: Cicero's word *decorum* is properly the thing; and I ſee no reaſon why that expreſſive word ſhould not be adopted and naturalized in our language: I have never ſcrupled uſing it in that ſenſe.

" *A-propos* of words. Study your own language more carefully than moſt people do; get a habit of ſpeaking it with propriety and elegance; for nothing is more diſagreeable than to hear a gentleman talk the barbariſms, the ſoleciſms, and the vulgariſms of porters. Avoid, on the other hand, a ſtiff and formal accuracy, eſpecially what the women call hard words, when plain ones as expreſſive are at hand. The French make it their ſtudy *bien narrer*; but are apt *narrer trop*, and with too affected an elegance.

" The three commoneſt topics of diſcourſe are, religion, politics, and news. All people think they underſtand the two firſt perfectly, though they never ſtudied either; and are therefore very apt to talk both dogmatically and ignorantly, conſequently with warmth: but religion is by no means a proper ſubject of converſation in a mixed company; it ſhould only be treated among a very few people of learning, for mutual inſtruction. Is is too awful and reſpectable a ſubject to become a familiar one. Therefore never mingle yourſelf in it any further, than to expreſs an univerſal toleration to all errors in it, if conſcientiouſly entertained; for every man has as good a right to think as he does, as you have to think as you do; nay in truth, he cannot help it.

" As for politics, they are ſtill more univerſally underſtood; and, as every one thinks his private intereſt more or leſs concerned in them, nobody heſitates to pronounce deciſively upon them; not even the ladies, the copiouſneſs of whoſe eloquence is more to be admired than the concluſiveneſs of their logic. It will

be impoſſible for you to avoid engaging in theſe converſations, for there are hardly any others; but take care to do it coolly, and with great good humour; and whenever you find that the company begin to be heated and noiſy for the good of their country, be only a patient hearer, unleſs you can interpoſe by ſome agreeable *badinage*, and reſtore good humour to the company. And here I cannot help obſerving to you, that nothing is more uſeful, either to put off or to parry diſagreeable and puzzling affairs, than a good humoured and genteel *badinage*. I have found it ſo by long experience. But this *badinage* muſt not be carried to *mauvaiſe plaiſanterie*: it muſt be light, without being frivolous; ſenſible, without being ſententious; and, in ſhort, have that *je ne ſcai quoi* which every body feels, and nobody deſcribes.

"I ſhall now for a time ſuſpend the courſe of theſe letters; but, as the ſubject is inexhauſtible, I ſhall occaſionally reſume it: in the mean time, believe that a man, who does not generally pleaſe, is nobody; and that a conſtant endeavour to pleaſe will infallibly pleaſe to a certain degree at leaſt."

"Letter to A. B——t, Eſq; at Edinburgh," on the death of the Earl of Strathmore, father to the late Earl, "to whom Lord Cheſterfield was appointed one of the guardians, in January 1753." The advice which he here gives to Lady S. to ſend her ſon to the univerſity, or to travel, was adopted by her ſending him to Pembroke hall, Cambridge, where he contracted a friendſhip with the late Mr Gray, who was afterward his gueſt (as appears by Mr Gray's letters) at Glammis-Caſtle.

"Free Thoughts and bold Truths; or, a Politico Critical Eſſay on the preſent ſituation of Affairs," written in 1755; a good imitation of Swift's "Critical Eſſay on the Faculties of the mind."

"The Lord's Proteſt," on the famous Convention with Spain in 1739.

"The Caſe of the Hanover Forces, in the pay of Great Britain, impartially and freely examined, &c. A Vindication of the Caſe, &c. being a ſequel to the above pamphlet. A further Vindication, &c. being a full Anſwer, founded on facts and dates, to a pamphlet [by Horace Walpole, Eſq; afterwards Lord Walpole] called *The Intereſt of Great Britain ſteadily purſued.*" Theſe three pieces, written about the year 1744, we are told by Lord Cheſterfield himſelf, who had written the names of the authors on one of the copies, were the joint works of the late Edmund Waller, Eſq; Member of Parliament for Chipping Wycomb, and his Lordſhip.

"The Lords' Proteſt, February 1. 1742," on the negative put upon a motion for addreſſing his Majeſty to relieve his oppreſſed ſubjects from the exceſſive and grievous expences incurred by the foreign mercenaries in the pay of Great-Britain. This, as prior in date, ſhould have preceded the three laſt.

"A letter to the Abbe de la Ville," written from the Hague, 1745. This was occaſioned by the order againſt publiſhing news-papers at Paris, and contains ſeveral particulars relating to the battle of Fontenoy. The remaining pieces are a few ſhort poems, ſongs, &c. printed in Dodſley's and other collections, and two or three epigrams. *Gent. Mag.*

The Editors of the Weſtminſter Magazine, in characterizing this Volume, boldly accuſe his Lordſhip of no leſs a crime than plagiariſm; and this they do in the following words:—"The beſt Poem in it is the Song in praiſe of Fanny, ſuppoſed to be written by his Lordſhip, and addreſſed to Lady Fanny Shirley*. But this was none of his, though he meanly and illiberally accepted, if not claimed, the credit of it. It is none of his ſtile. It is polite, elegant, and has nothing of the *faux brillant* in it. It was written by a young barber at Richmond, to a beautiful Fanny, a butcher's daughter, whom he afterwards married. This we venture to pronounce upon ſufficient authority, which would otherwiſe be an incredible matter of fact."

And notwithſtanding this *ſufficient authority*, an incredible *matter of fact* it will remain.

The EXAMPLE: *Or the Hiſtory of* Lucy Cleveland. *By a Young Lady.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 5 *s. ſewed.* Fielding *and* Walker, London.

WHAT is the ſubject of this novel? Love.—What is its ſtory? Love.—What is it calculated to promote? Love, almighty Love!—The dear name of one of its ladies is no other than Delia—Delia Morley; one of the names of Venus herſelf!—But then the novel is penned

* *See Vol. xli. p.* 208.

by the hand of a lady, who thus addreſſes the reader:

"When I attempt to intereſt an impartial public in favour of the following work, it is not from a vain hope that it is deſerving of the *approbation* of the *judicious*.—No, my hopes are better founded: a candid, a liberal, a generous public will make the neceſſary allowances for the *firſt* attempt of a young female adventurer in letters."

Perfectly ready are we to make every allowance for this lady's firſt appearance; we wiſh, however, that ſhe had conſulted ſome of her friends concerning that appearance; for we will do her the juſtice to ſay ſhe diſcovers ſome ability, and much reading, eſpecially among our poets.

But, beſide that "green and yellow melancholy" of Shakeſpeare, which her fond pencil has thrown over the whole piece, the figures are not ſufficiently marked. They have no characters.

"Thus did my worthy father delineate the many virtues of a man, whom your poor Lucy already began to find too formidable.—My vanity had ſuggeſted to me at the firſt interview, that I had made an equal impreſſion on him—but when I heard he was already married! I was almoſt petrified by the intelligence."

This is literally *falling* in love—*tumbling* headlong into the bottomleſs pit; not, like an engineer, making gradual approaches.

"A few days after, as I was expreſſing my gratitude for ſuch diſintereſted, ſuch unmerited friendſhip, the ſervant interrupted me by announcing, "Captain Morley is arrived, Sir, and requeſts half an hour's converſation with you." Mr Smith left the room, but in a very ſhort time returned, introducing Captain Morley to me. "There, Frank, ſaid he, is a young amiable widow! what ſay you to her?" "I ſay, replied Morley, nothing." "Nothing!" reiterated Mr Smith, with great quickneſs. "I thought, Sir, you would have ſaid much—and that to the purpoſe too, or I would never have introduced you to ſo much excellence!"

"Dear Sir, ſaid Morley, you are ſo haſty, that you interrupt me moſt unfortunately. I was going to ſay, Nothing that could be ſpoke with propriety in the lady's preſence--my ſentiments reſpecting her ſhall not long remain a ſecret; but when I have not been half an hour in the room with her, to ſay more would be indelicate to the higheſt degree."

Yet, in this half hour, more buſineſs, it ſeems, was tranſacted than *common folk* can credit.—Again—

"Mr Delmont viſited us yeſterday, and, unleſs I am greatly miſtaken, has intirely deprived my ſiſter of her heart."

Happy Delmont, to make a conqueſt in a very firſt viſit, before many commanders would have thought of opening the campaign! But all the ladies and gentlemen here are as combuſtible as gunpowder. Our authoreſs had previouſly paired all the drooping inhabitants of her paſtoral grove; and it did not occur to her, that any reader would think *that* unnatural or ſudden with which ſhe had been long acquainted; or would endeavour to put aſunder thoſe her invention had joined together.

To unravel the whole complicated web of this entangled love-tale is impoſſible. The lady who gives it the name of Lucy Cleveland, is rather ſingular in the article of her hiſtory. Her modeſty falls in love, at firſt ſight, with Mr Boſwell, whom ſhe underſtands to be married. As bigamy is not yet introduced into novels, ſhe marries Mr Arlington, becauſe ſhe could not marry Mr Boſwell. But, as ſoon as ſhe has married Mr A. ſhe finds ſhe might have married Mr B. ſince his ſuppoſed wife was only his miſtreſs. She is doomed, however, to the arms of Mr A. who, at leaſt, is indifferent to her; and Mr B. pines in vain for his lovely Lucy. This knot of difficulties is at laſt cut by the ſcythe of death. Mr A. moſt obligingly dies; and that as ſuddenly as the heroes and heroines of the novel fall in love. Mr B. changes his name to Seymour for a little fortune of two thouſand pounds a-year, and Lucy Cleveland changes her name a ſecond time to Seymour.

As to the influence which this novel may have upon the morals of its readers, the authoreſs indeed ſays—

"All I intreat of thoſe who may think

it worth their while to form a judgment of the following work, or who may be inclined to criticise on it, is, that they will recall to their remembrance the motive that first induced the undertaking; that of holding out a good *example* to my female readers."

If to *put together* a bundle of incidents which the wildest child of romance can never believe—if to draw an extravagant picture which would soften the heart of the softest beholder—if to tell a tedious tale of love, with the perusal of which Love herself would be fatigued—if these be to "hold out a good example to female readers," then is Lucy Cleveland the most complete example of morality, wrapped up in the most engaging dress, which we remember to have seen. C.

The HISTORY *of the* HOLY BIBLE, *as contained in the sacred Scriptures, of the Old and New Testament. Attempted in easy Verse. With occasional Notes. By* John Fellows. 4 *Vols. Small* 8vo. 8*s. sewed.* Hogg. London.

THERE is no book in the world which it is so difficult to translate into verse as the Bible. The majesty of the sacred writers is almost incompatible with the levity of the Muse; especially in the light airy measure of eight syllables. This writer, we really believe, has taken infinite pains to render his versification easy and harmonious. But whilst he is pursuing the sublime, he frequently falls into the bathos. Thus, in describing the deluge, he says,

"The driving storm each sinner feels,
With mighty waters *at his heels.*"

"Huge giants plunge amidst the tides,
Which rolling *lash their brawny sides.*"

"Lash'd by fierce winds, old ocean raves,
And madly *throws about* his waves."

"Seas, storms, and clouds, together blend,
Foam, smoke, and dashing *roar and rend.*"

In versifying the story of Balaam's ass, he uses this familiar language:

"His thoughts on gain *old Balaam* plac'd,
And *hurries on* his ass with haste."

But when the angel appeared with a sword in his hand,

"————The trembling ass
Dares not draw nigh, or by it pass;
But *bursts* the rider to the ground.
Soon as his *legs the old man found*,
To the poor brute in wrath he goes,
And *loads his hide* with heavy blows."

But as we have already intimated, that a poetical version of the Old and New Testament would be an arduous undertaking for the most exalted genius, we shall not attempt to expose any ludicrous passage, which might be found in this work, but shall subjoin only one extract, in which the author appears to more advantage. We must however premise, that we do not agree with him in supposing, that the devil carried our Saviour *on his back*, when he is said to have taken him up to the top of a high mountain in the wilderness. The original word παραλαμβανει conveys no such idea.

"————The tempter takes
The great Redeemer up, and *makes*
For a vast mountain, on the crown
He sets the sacred burden down.
Then by his bold delusive powers,
He brings vast cities, temples, towers,
And all the glorious, glittering things
Which wait on empires, and on kings,
Full in the sight: all round they lie,
And fe ell upon the wandering eye:
To fill the heart the whole combine,
And all the gaudy landscape shine."

We freely allow, that there are many passages in this work which are really poetical: but, upon the whole, we cannot but look upon this attempt as a transformation of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, into modern beaux.

The notes which accompany this translation are few and concise. The second contains this curious information.—"About a mile from Damascus, in a valley, by the side of a hill, is a place, where a house now stands, which is shewn for the spot where Cain murdered his brother. The Jewish writers say, that he was killed by a blow on the head with a a stone. Milton says he was slain with a stone; but supposes him to have received the blow on his stomach."—This note, we suppose, is for the amusement of *young readers.*

These volumes are neatly printed, and adorned with elegant copper-plates. C.

An Attempt to shew that the Knowledge of GOD *has in all Ages been derived from Revelation or Tradition, not from Nature.* 8vo. 1*s.* Glasgow printed, 1773.

IT has been merely through accident that this work has not made an earlier appearance in our Review. It ap-

pears to be the performance of an ingenious, learned, and pious writer; and it merits a more particular and attentive diſcuſſion than our contracted limits will allow. The propoſition which the Author advances and defends, may, poſſibly, at firſt ſight, appear unreaſonable and extravagant; but if they will allow themſelves to conſider what is offered, they will at leaſt acknowledge that he has ſome ſhew of reaſon and truth on his ſide. He firſt endeavours to prove, "that reaſon, of itſelf, would have been too ſlow, and quite inſufficient for pointing out to men the means neceſſary for life, food, cloathing, weapons for defence, and perhaps implements of huſbandry, and particularly that by it mankind could never have diſcovered that there was a God, much leſs the only living and true God, whom it would have been their duty and intereſt to have ſerved, and their chief happineſs to have enjoyed: that if men had been left entirely to the direction of their reaſon, or the light of nature, with regard to theſe things, they muſt have periſhed, or remained as ignorant as the other animals round them of the great Creator. From whence he infers, "ſince men *have* been preſerved by the diſcovery of means neceſſary for their preſervation; ſince ſome, in every age, have had the knowledge of the true God, and all of them, without exception, have acknowledged ſome God or other: the knowledge of theſe things muſt have been derived from revelation, or from the tradition of that revelation. Accordingly, ſays he, we find that this has been preciſely the caſe."

For the arguments and truths which our Author brings to ſupport theſe aſſertions, we muſt refer to his treatiſe.—It has been uſual to celebrate the great Socrates as a kind of martyr to the doctrine of the divine unity; with reſpect to which, this writer obſerves: "Socrates, living and dying, appears to have been a polytheiſt; and all I can infer from his hiſtory, as far as I can underſtand it, is, that like the reſt of his neighbours, he worſhipped a plurality of gods, with one as ſovereign over the reſt, who, in all caſes, obtained the ſmalleſt ſhare; ſhall I add, that he introduced a ſceptical mode of reaſoning, the effects of which have reached down to us, and proved the ruin of many; *they became vain in their imaginations.*"

One might be inclined to ſuppoſe, that nothing could be more natural than for a rational creature, from ſurveying himſelf and the creation around him, to conclude, that there muſt be a ſuperior and ſupreme being, by whom all was produced and upheld. But this concluſion, when maturely weighed, may appear not to have been ſo fully realized in fact as we might be ready to imagine. The Apoſtle ſays, Rom. i. 20. *The inviſible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.* Our Author conſiders this, as well as other paſſages of ſacred writ, and concerning this he ſays, the meaning of the words, properly conſtrued, appears to be as follows: "The inviſible things of him, *i. e.* his eternal power and Godhead ever ſince the world was created, (being) thought, or meditated on, or underſtood firſt, by means of revelation, or tradition, are then clearly ſeen by the works of creation and providence."

In the concluſion of his treatiſe it is natural for the writer to preſs a ſerious regard to the ſcriptures. "A man, ſays he, acquainted with the truth, a man of erudition and diſcernment, will be in no hazard of diſgracing the pulpit by quotations from Plato or Seneca, in proof, or for illuſtration of what he ſays, inſinuating by this practice, if his hearers underſtand his inſinuations, that there are many defects in the goſpel, and therefore, that ſuch ſupplements, in the judgment of their teacher, are quite neceſſary; nor will he be under any temptation to make a compariſon between Socrates, the father of ſcepticiſm, and our Saviour the Son of God, nor between Seneca, who died by his own hand, and the great Apoſtle of the Gentiles, as if they reſembled in any degree one or another."

While this writer ſpeaks in this manner concerning the ſages of antiquity, he plainly ſays that he is not unacquainted with ancient learning, and that from his acquaintance with it, he has conceived an higher value for divine revelation.—On the whole, we have peruſed his elaborate tract with pleaſure, and we recommend it to the careful conſideration of thoſe who are apt to lay too much ſtreſs on the ſuppoſed all-ſufficiency of *the light of nature.*

M.

An Ode addreſſed to the Scots *Junto, and their* American *Commiſſion, on their late Quarrel between Commiſſioner* Eden *and Commiſſioner* Johnſtone. 1s. 6d. Bew, London.

THE author of this publication is a bold, active, and a poignant ſatiriſt. In his various attacks on Weſley and the Methodiſts, he endeavours to extirpate "fanatics, hypocrites, and impoſtures," out of the church. In his political productions, addreſſed to Lord North, Lord Mansfield, Lord George Germaine, and others, he attempts to explode our preſent ſyſtem of politics, and reform the ſtate. A common ſatiriſt would content himſelf with brandiſhing his quill, and ſcourging an obnoxious junto in metaphor. But this furious Drawcanſir calls for the poinard, and exclaims in this vehement language: "Where, or when, will Britain, inſulted by a Scottiſh junto, find another Felton?" C.

The Favourite: *a Character from the Life. Addreſſed to the ſovereign Minion of the Times, on the much-lamented Death of the patriotic Earl of* Chatham. 4to. 2s. Bew, London.

THIS is the production of the ardent, indefatigable, and intrepid author of the Junto. It is, like the reſt of his pieces, outrageouſly ſarcaſtic. Here Lord Bute is the object of his vindictive zeal, the victim of his ſcalping knife. C.

An Addreſs to both Houſes of Parliament, reſpecting the Preſent State of Public Affairs: With a particular Addreſs to the Bench of Biſhops. 8vo. 1s. Robſon, London.

THE deſign of this Addreſs is to ſhew, that we are a very depraved, licentious, and ſinful people; that we have abuſed the goodneſs of divine Providence, and neglected to ſeek his aid and direction in our national concerns; and that if we have any regard for our properties, our liberties, our lives, the welfare of our country, and the glory of the Britiſh empire, we muſt immediately commence a general reformation. In promoting this important work, he tells us, that the clergy and the magiſtrate ſhould exert themſelves in their reſpective capacities, and ſet a good example; that the former ſhould conſtantly and earneſtly preach the doctrines of the firſt thirteen articles of the church, and the latter enforce the laws of the land againſt atrocious offenders; that a faſt ſhould be appointed every ſix months during the preſent war, &c.—A pious and well-intended performance. C.

A VIEW *of* Northumberland, *with an Excurſion to the* Abbey *of* Melroſs *in* Scotland. *By* W. Hutchinſon. 4to. 15s. Johnſon, London.

ACCORDING to this Writer, the county of Northumberland abounds with antiquities, which is a vaſt merit to thoſe curious antiquarians who are apt to deſpiſe a country which does not bear the marks of its ancientneſs, as much as they would a family that could not produce its ancientry; for there are literary fools as well as illiterate ones. There is a turret in Paris no better, nor bigger, than a pig-ſty, which is ſhewn with great pomp to all travellers, becauſe it was built by Julius Cæſar. The Tower of London boaſts the ſame honour, and your true antiquary would be proud of being confined there. For ſurely, there is greater dignity in an *old* priſon than in a *new* palace.

But jeſting apart, the work before us has conſiderable merit, both in the entertainment it affords, the original pieces it contains, and the ſenſible and lively manner in which it is written. W. M.

M. T. Cicero's *Cato Major, or Diſcourſe on Old Age. Addreſſed to* Titus Pomponius Atticus. *With explanatory Notes. By* Benjamin Franklin. *LL. D.* 8vo. 2s. Fielding and Walker, London.

THIS is by much the beſt of all Cicero's writings—the moſt rational, the moſt philoſophical, and the moſt effectual. We will not except even his *Offices*, vulgarly ſo termed, from a bad tranſlation of the title, *De Officiis*, which ſignifies the moral duties, or obligations, of life. *Seneca de Senectute*, written on the ſame ſubject with this Treatiſe, is but a heap of ſtoical quibbles, in compariſon of it.

This work has been tranſlated into Engliſh by ſeveral perſons before, of which Mr Melmoth's is the beſt. But this is preferable to them all, on account of the entertainment and information comprehended in the notes; otherwiſe Dr Franklin has *tranſlated* the Engliſh empire to the other ſide of the Atlantic, much better than he has done this piece from the Latin into Engliſh. W. M.

[*Notes to Correſpondents deferred.*]